BLACK VELVET

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NUMBER 1

GEORGIA

Featuring:

Deonne
Verna
Myra
and more

Adults Only

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BLACK VELVET

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DEONNE
...the living end

According to the Industrial News of America, the Black girl has entered the professional world en masse. At one time it might have been felt that only the domestic fields held any opportunity for them. No longer. In fact, a Black maid is becoming difficult to find these days.

Take the example of Deonne who, during the early days of high school decided to enter the challenging field of dentistry. Although no one in her family had ever been in this business, she found it exciting in a number of ways.

"I guess you might say I was first turned on after seeing a motion picture in which the heroine was a dental technician. Suddenly she was involved with the wild jet set and was flying all over the world. Of course I didn't think anything as fabulous as that would ever happen to me. But then again, you never know these days."

In spite of the rather bizarre reasoning for entering this field, Deonne became a very dedicated student. All of her weekends were devoted to studying, which, as you can plainly see, wasn't exactly easy. There's no denying that Deonne is a very popular girl. Her many boyfriends were very disappointed that she was no longer available during those easy-going summer weekends. But she wasn't going to budge an inch. Her studies came first. Then, if there was any time left, she'd go out on a date.

All that dedication paid off in the end! Deonne graduated at the top of her class. One of the major television network stations covered the ceremony and suddenly Deonne was seen from coast to coast.

"I really didn't expect to get all that publicity. After all, I was only a lowly dental technician. I don't mean to put down my job, but it certainly wasn't that important!"

A lot of other people thought differently. The Miller and Tooker Agency in New York wired Deonne and offered her a contract.

"At first I thought it was a joke. A lot of my friends have a weird sense of humor. I wouldn't put anything past them. I was going to send back a dumb answer when someone told me that this agency really did exist. It was all very legitimate!"

Deonne suddenly found herself featured in several leading publications. Her services became more and more in demand. The dream

She's Fine and Foxy!

she had before taking the dental technician course was actually coming true!

Within six months Deonne found herself in Paris, London and Madrid. It was a whirlwind she thought would never end. No thought was ever given to her original plan. Who wants to work in a dentist's office when she can be toasted around the world?

But then everything that has a beginning must also have an ending. The agency decided that her face was becoming too familiar. Almost every major magazine was carrying something about Deonne. Her beautiful face and body was everywhere. It was time to bring in some new talent!

"It sure came as a big shock

when the phone didn't ring any more. I couldn't understand it. Wasn't I the most popular model in the country? But that was the trouble: I was too popular!"

At first Deonne considered it a personal affront. Someone was out to get her. Of course none of this was true. She had simply completed a cycle and now it was someone else's turn.

"After awhile I started to get some sense in my head. What did I

OUR DOLLY from BILOXI

have to cry about? I'd been everywhere and been well paid for it. I had all kinds of clothes and so I decided that I was going to be the best dressed dental technician this side of the Rockies."

At last Deonne could use the knowledge she had gained from her dental classes. She had a lot of memories and every once in a-while she might drift back to those fantastic days when she was floating over Europe in a speeding jet. All of that was gone now but she had entered an even more exciting world. For in the end there's nothing more satisfying than just helping people in some way or form.

Because of her experience in both the glamour fields and the industrial world, Deonne has been called upon to act as a personnel advisor to other Black girls in a quandary.

"There's really not that much difference between the two," commented Deonne during a recent interview. "A girl has to keep herself prepared for any unexpected event. If you think that each day is going to be the same old routine then you're going to be in for a big surprise."

Hanging loose might be a term of the contemporary crowd but it certainly is true for the working Black girl also. She must be ready for any emergency. And that includes one involving an accident.

"You never know when your Red Cross training will come in handy. I once had to apply a tourniquet to a messanger who had fallen down a flight of steps right outside our office building. At first I was so frightened that I would do everything wrong. Then once I calmed down it all worked out fine."

Deonne feels that every girl entering the business professional world should continually take some kind of course to improve her mind. It could be a foreign language or even home economics. No matter what you learn, someday it will pay off for you.

Believe it or not, Deonne is thinking of becomeing a truck driver! Her brother is quite a professional and drives from coast to coast. It's a challenge she'd like to include in her life.

"I've been kidded a lot about this. My friends say that I will be picking up a lot of hitchhikers. Maybe I'll meet someone who will turn me on. Of course they are only joking, or at least I hope they are. There's an awful lot to driving a truck. It's not just sitting behind a wheel and pushing your foot down on a gas pedal. You have to know how to shift on those steep hills and when to pull out in front of another car. I think the whole thing would be very exciting!"

We have to believe that Deonne is not putting us on. She's a most serious girl when it comes to her career. This is not to say that she's lost any of her femininity. As you can see she has all the beauty that the universe can bestow on a girl. Still there's a lot of depth to this young lady and she doesn't want to be considered just another pretty face.

"I'm really not in favor of

Women's Lib, because again a label is being attached to a person for someone else's benefit. No one is like anyone else. We all have to find our own identities and this can only come about by a sincere search."

There's not too many young girls today who will take chances like Deonne. And she doesn't do this just to get some attention. In fact, the less they know about her explorations the better as far as she is concerned. Too much publicity can sometimes distort rather than inform.

Don't think that Deonne is not active when it comes to a full social life. Since all her publicity she's been getting phone calls from all over the world. One dude from London said he was going to fly over on the next jet and take her away from all her problems. Deonne told him she didn't have any problems until he dialed her number. He thought that was so funny he hopped on the next plane and was banging on her door before the sun had a chance to set.

There was nothing Deonne could do. She just had to go out and have dinner with him. He certainly had the money to entertain a girl—and he knew just how to do it in style.

"Like I said before, you gotta hang loose. In the beginning I didn't take my own advice and I was really up tight about this character. Then as soon as we got to know each other we found that we had a lot in common. He was a rich dentist who liked to drive a truck for a hobby. Now I ask you, where are you going to find another combination like that?"

From last reports it seems that Deonne might even make a trip over to London to do a little research work. There's nothing like being versatile!

THE SAFARI

She sat there, motionless, looking out onto the vast green expanse, then turned to him, "Why is it, Kurt," she said impassively, "that you must do this?"

"Because," he replied, "man has always, and will continue to do so, seek that which is exciting. That which offers his spirit the thrill and challenge of facing nature on her own terms. Why do men go to the moon? Why do they go to Mars? Surely he knows that the alternative to glory is death." He was proud of the words that he had chosen.

"Who will win tomorrow?" she asked.

"What do you mean, Yvette?"

"Who will win tomorrow. You and the 80-odd men out there and the helicopters and the Land Rovers and the radar screens and the highpowered telescopes and the highpowered rifles — or the beast?"

He could not, nor did he wish to, answer the question.

"Come, Yvette," he said to her, "let's go to our room and freshen up a bit. The banquet will be at six."

They walked through the lobby, past the desk, and into the elevator. On the seventh floor it stopped and they walked through the long corridor to their room.

She knew there was more than enough time to prepare for the banquet. She knew also that he could not ask for love. It was something he never talked about. In all the years that they were married, the subject of sex never entered into their conversations and he always avoided any such discussion. Yet when he desired her he expected her to capitulate. It was always by the expression of his face, or the inflection of his voice that she knew — or was expected to know. And, it was always in absolute darkness and in absolute silence. She knew why they were going to their room.

She wondered, as she began unbuttoning her dress, why he never looked upon her naked figure. It was, by most standards, better than average. Her breasts were firm and round, she had wide hips and a thin waist, with long, bronzed well-proportioned legs. And she wondered, too, why he did not think that she could or would enjoy the act as he did. She had never, as long as she had been with him, achieved her own emotional peaks and she had often wondered if this were done intentionally by him as if in punishment for some long past disappointments within himself. From below, the sound of laughter filtered into the room. It sounded strangely like an elephant, she thought. Just like an elephant.

As the sun peeked through the steamy haze the following morning, the men of the safari gathered in the courtyard below the hotel. They were dressed in neatly pressed brown uniforms and wore pith helmets to protect them from the searing African sun. They carefully checked their supplies and equipment. The Land Rovers were equipped with five forward gears, and could travel in the most murderous of terrain. Several double-oh-five and double-oh-six Magnum rifles were carefully placed in the lead vehicle. The three-way communication radios, between the vehicles themselves and the tracking helicopter, were also checked for proper functioning. The helicopter reported constant contact with the beast, its present location some forty miles from the motorized safari at the hotel. The elephant had covered an additional twenty miles during the night, weaving frantically through the thick bush in an effort to escape the dull throbbing of the helicopter engines hovering above it throughout the night, with their bright lights following its every move.

Kurt von Bruckner stood next to the dull gray Land Rover that would lead the rest into the dense jungle. He looked impassively down the line of vehicles, then turned to the dark skinned woman at his side. "We will return, I trust, no later than sunset." Whether it was through shame or habit, he avoided Yvette's deep blue eyes and quickly turned and entered the machine.

To her, it was a familiar ritual. She had been through many such farewells in the past — and knew there would be many more. She had, long since, given up the hope that Kurt would find that which he so desperately sought. He would return, temporarily elated with his conquest, but soon turn toward the planning of a new hunt or expedition.

In the back of her mind there was a constant stirring, a thought was playing against her subconscious level which she desperately tried to repress. It was the answer she had hoped she would never have to face — of her husband's desperate search for accomplishment. It was so simple, so revealing, so overpowering that she did not want to be forced into a decision that she knew must ultimately come and thus she fought its attempt to reach the foretront of her mind.

The motors roared into operation and, as they rolled down the long dirt drive toward the edge of the jungle, she could see Kurt talking into the microphone to the other drivers. She stood alone, watching as the last

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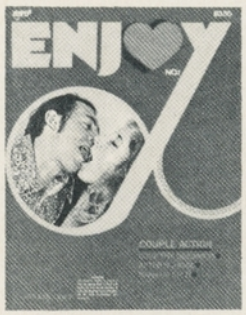

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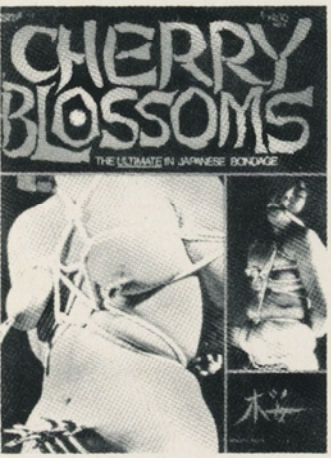

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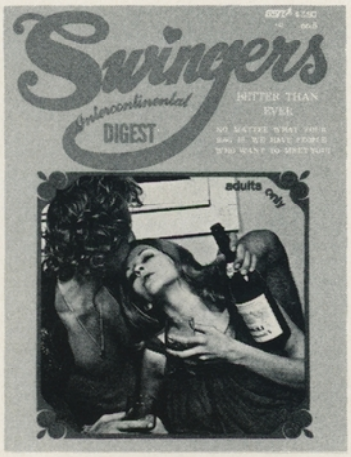

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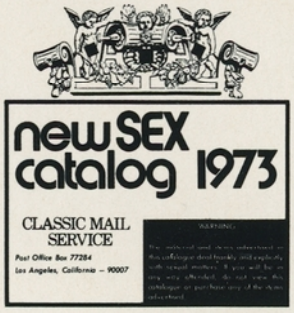

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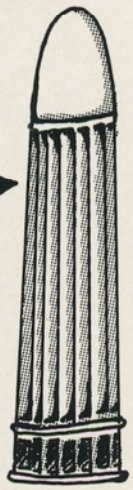

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of the vehicles disappeared into the jungle.

As the snake-like caravan worked its way toward its tiring prey, Kurt's mind drifted into shapeless patterns of fantasy-like illusions. He could visualize the huge beast stomping, first its right then its left foot. He could see its huge head lifted high into the sky, cursing in its animal like way at the mechanical bird that had been tormenting him for endless hours. He thought also of Yvette's deep blue eyes and their penetrating, inquiring stare . . . of the many times that he had previously closed in for the kill . . . of the Malayan tiger, the Arctic bear . . . of wild boars and leopards and rhinos and of man-eating lions. Of oozing red blood, the wide-eyed stare of the dead beasts. The smell of powder and the weight of the rifle against his shoulder. He could visualize the great collection of wild animals which had met their destruction through his high powered scopes, their heads protruding, mask-like, from the wall of an endless, ceilingless hallway which traveled off into infinity . . . the dull glaze of their eyes, the artificially reproduced fierceness of their faces. The vision blurred, suddenly, into a confusion of whirling, shapeless mass, then cleared. He imagined himself walking down the long hallway to get a closer look at an unfamiliar shape protruding from the wall, until it took on the shape of a human head. He looked into the dull, coated staring eyes of the lifeless trophy and recognized it.

The caravan came to a jolting halt, jarring Kurt from his terrifying illusions. The driver of the vehicle pointed toward a clump of trees in the distance and the circling helicopter. Kurt's trembling hand reached for the mike and he issued his final instructions to the safari. He would be accompanied by several gun-bearers, three trackers and eight cameramen. They would travel the rest of the way on foot.

As he stepped from the vehicle, he heard a shattering trumpeting sound from the direction of the trees and turned to see the great beast standing, as if waiting for its final showdown, at the edge of the trees. It stood motionless in a statue-like challenge to the hunters, and once again raised its head high into the air and emitted a shrill ghostly sound.

Kurt reached for the binoculars behind the seat and placed them to his eyes. He could see the clearly defined outline of the beast's eyes, red with fury from the harassment of his tormentors, the long white tusks which arched from beneath the huge trunk, the wrinkled lines of the aging grey skin. He could see, too, the distinguishable marks of many battles which covered the exterior of the old warrior.

For a split second his mind wandered once again. He thought of what it would be like to walk toward the beast, alone, and meet him, face to face on nature's terms, in mortal combat.

He began to fill the high-powered rifle with ammunition, thinking not of the kill but of the words of Yvette: "Who will win today?"

The group of men began their cautious walk toward the clump of trees and the waiting elephant. He will turn and run, thought Kurt, they usually do. But the beast stood, as if implanted in the African earth, waiting. The rules of the hunt no longer followed the organized, accepted patterns. Seldom, if ever, could an elephant be approached from a head-on position. Usually, you had to catch him unawares, away from the wind and the smell of humans. But today was different. Kurt sensed, much earlier, that today would be unlike any day previously experienced. The animal, too, as if in defiance of the great white hunters and their powerful weapons, knew not the usual fear but only anger. Anger for the loss of the great African herds. Anger for the loss of his mate and his species.

Barely a hundred yards separated man and animal. Kurt raised the rifle toward the beast. The hairlines of the powerful sights came to rest on the reddish eyes, then moved backwards to a point slightly behind them. He squeezed the trigger of the powerful weapon and felt the full force of the recoil against his shoulders. The elephant raised its huge body into the air and let out a shrieking blast, then began, in long strides, to run directly toward his enemy. Once again, Kurt raised the weapon to his eyes and fired at the beast, this time without the benefit of pinpoint accuracy. The elephant stumbled and dropped to one knee then staggered to an upright position, then resumed his charge.

Kurt squeezed the trigger once again but the gun was jammed. He shouted for another but it was too late. The earth shook violently as the beast neared him. He tried to dodge the onslaught but couldn't and fell before the trampling feet of the huge mammoth.

Several hundred yards off, near the parked vehicles, a camera was focused on the tragic scene. It was the beast rising high into the air, its huge hulk falling time after time, on the lifeless remains of the hunter. Its delicate sound device even detected the sickening sound of bones being crushed to a pulp — then the final dying gasp of the elephant itself. It reeled onto one knee then both and finally fell dead on top of its killer.

At the hotel, Yvette looked at her watch. It was exactly five minutes past one o'clock. As she did so, the agonizing thought that threatened her conscious mind materialized. Kurt, in his effort to prove his bravery, succeeded only in covering his cowardice. She wondered how, for so many years, she could live with half a man — and she knew somehow that the end had finally come. ■ ■ ■

LOS ANGELES LOVELY

VERNA

Some girls started in a profession because their parents happen to be in it and were doing very well. Such is the case with Verna, who now operates the Highway 54 Motel.

"I've often been asked if I thought my work was dangerous. In the two years I've handled the job I've never had any trouble. Once someone fell in the pool but we got him out before he swallowed too much water. I think it's a lot of fun and I'd recommend it to anyone."

Apparently the clientele think a great deal of this young professional woman. A number of conventions have sent in applications for space during the next couple of seasons. They like the atmosphere and the very pleasing personality of the hostess.

If you think that running a motel is all fun however, you're in for a surprise. A great deal of responsibilities are on Verna's shoulders. She has a staff of twenty-three working under her and they must be kept busy at all times. She's not a martinet by any means, but she does like to see that everything is done correctly.

"Sometimes I have to fill in myself if someone gets sick. I've done everything from making the beds to fixing the plumbing. A girl just has to be clever with her hands or she'll be in trouble."

Does she ever have time off to enjoy herself? "Oh yes," answered Verna with a laugh. "But I usually take my vacation right around the motel pool. After all, there's no one else around to really make the final decisions. You might say this is a one-girl operation."

With all its drawbacks, however, Verna wouldn't trade her life with anyone anywhere in the world. She loves the daily challenge and also the many rewards—not in money, but in compliments from the guests—she receives also every day of the year.

MYRA *from* ELMIRA

Of all the girls interviewed for this book, Myra was the most difficult to catch. Being a top fashion designer she is always on the run. Even though she might say she would be at a certain spot at a certain time, you couldn't be sure she'd stay there for any length of time.

"My friends get very angry with me. They'd say I was unsociable. Always too busy to come to their parties. What they didn't understand was that I was attending parties all the time. People who wanted my designs were always inviting me to their private receptions."

Myra doesn't want you to feel that she is in the least bit snobbish. For her own business survival she must be seen at these exclusive events. Her name has become associated with styles of the future. Being on the move is part of her image and she must not for an instant desert this projected

aspect of her personality.

How does one become a top fashion designer? Myra smiled at this question and it took her several minutes to arrange the thoughts in her head before she could audibly answer:

"Would you believe that once I wanted to be a librarian? It's true?

My older sister talked about it and I absolutely idolized her in those early days of my youth. Little did I know that you can't follow anyone's ambition. You have to be your own "thing" or it doesn't have any value whatsoever."

There's a lot of value to Myra's chosen profession. In many ways she has changed the styles of two continents. Designers copy her work and buyers around the world want to be invited to her next showing.

"Sometimes it can be a very lonely job, however. When you're considered 'untouchable' then that's the way people react to you. Even my own sister said she was frightened to call me because she thought I was just too busy. Isn't that ridiculous?"

Glamour, fame and fortune sometimes don't hold all the happiness you might think they do. If you don't believe it, you should have a long talk with Myra from Elmira sometime!

To help break away from the fashion routine Myra has decided to take an exotic vacation to the South Pacific. There's a great deal of temptation to look around for new styles while she's on the islands, but she's determined to forget all about fashion for the next three months.

Hopefully she'll be able to do some nude sunbathing. Her beautiful body yearns to be exposed to the sun and the wind. There's something very native about Myra. If she could truly have her wish she'd vanish from the fashion world forever.

Now she's stripping on the 'sunset - strip'...

DOIN' WHAT COMES NATURALLY!

Who says a female's place is in the home? Nadine is one woman who believes in making a dream come true!

"Even when I was six years old I knew what I wanted to be. I started singing into an old tin can, pretending it was a microphone. It wasn't long before I was known as Nutty Nadine. I didn't let that

bother me. One day I was going to have my name in lights and get the last laugh."

Ambition is one thing; success is something else again. It's easy enough to get discouraged along the way. You have to wade through a lot of rejections before climbing up onto that final grand pedestal.

"My first job was with a six piece band that played the fraternities. I was very inexperienced and didn't realize that the boys liked to fool around a little. Right in the middle of a song this dude comes up on the stage and wants to dance. I gave him a kick in a very sensitive place and quieted him down in a hurry. From then on I got a lot of attention."

Nadine has never had any bonafide singing lessons. All her musical education has been garnered from actual experience. Performing before a live audience has given her the sophistication necessary to make her a top entertainer.

"I suppose I could say I did take one lesson once in my life. It was from an old jazz trombone player. He taught me how to balance my voice with a fast arrangement. Before that I would slur my words together and there was no way to make any sense out of my lyrics."

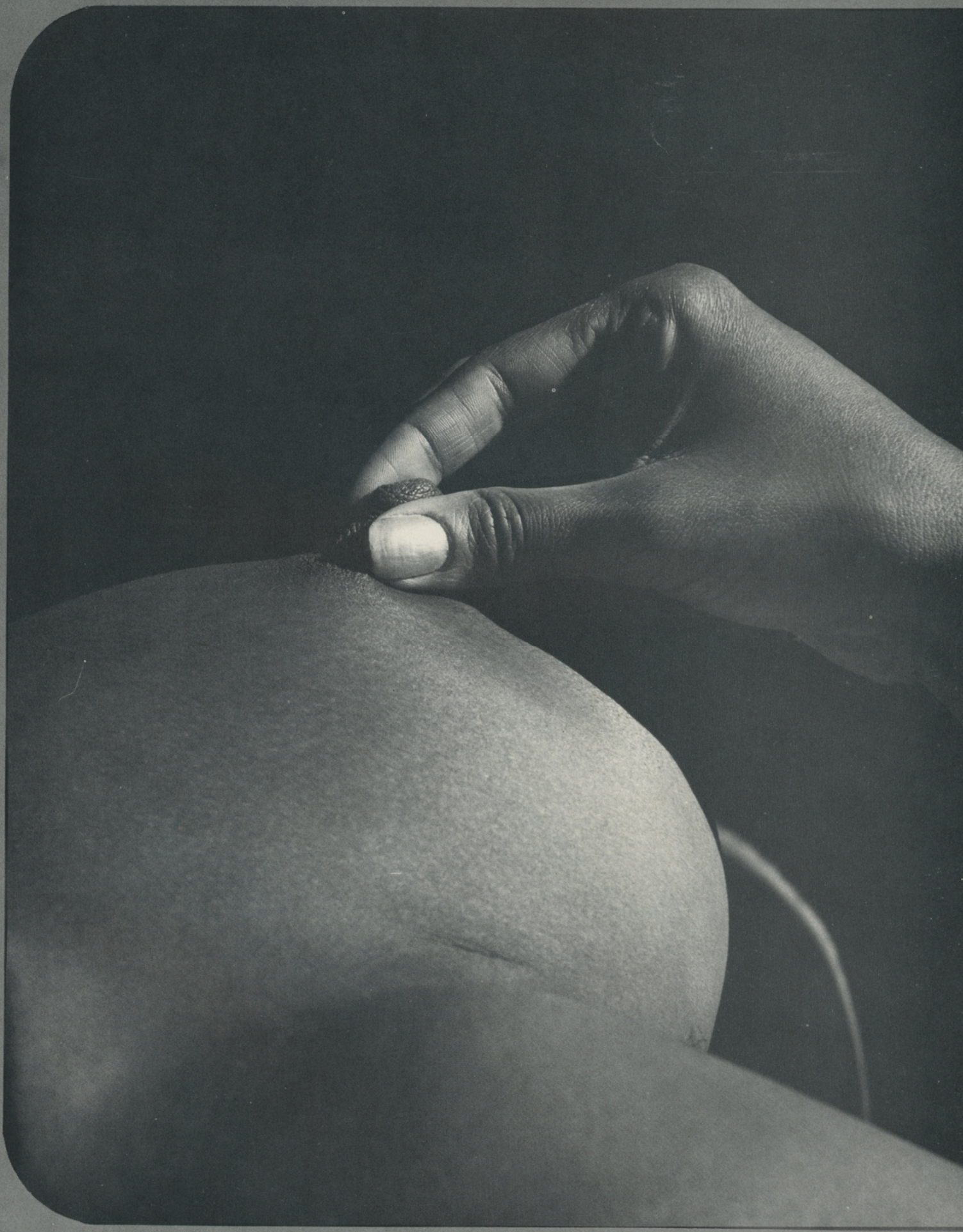
Very shortly Nadine will be doing her first motion picture. She will play—naturally—a singer on her way up to the top. Although its not a very large part, she will receive feature billing. Her first love, however, is still the stage and/or nightclubs.

"There's nothing like playing before a live audience. You can feel the reaction right then and there. That's so necessary to a performer. Performing before a camera is like doing it all alone in your own bedroom. There's no thrill to that! I would never give up touring the clubs no matter what turn my career might take."

There's no doubt Nadine will have to make an important decision very shortly. Her fame is spreading. More people want to see her and that can't be successfully accomplished with mere club dates. Perhaps television might be the answer, since that combines film with a live audience.

In the next few months an announcement will be made concerning Nadine's appearance on a national television talk show. At that time many millions of viewers will be introduced to a new personality which they will never forget. It's an old cliché to say that 'a star will be born', but there's really no other way to put it.

Earlene lives alone and 'LOVES IT'!



With her 'talented hand', who needs a man?

A day doesn't go by that Nadine doesn't receive mail from young singers asking advice on their career. Usually she doesn't have the time to answer any of these requests. And so she has decided to give an overall reply, one that could pertain to about anyone attempting to enter the profession of singing:

"Don't be afraid of hard work. Every minute you put towards your career will pay you back many times in the future. Sometimes you'll wonder if it's all worth it, but then when you step out on that stage before thousands of admirers, you'll suddenly have the thrill of a lifetime!"

Mammary Lane

Recently there has been serious debate as to whether the mammary glands are to be considered as an integral part of the female reproductive system. Physicians involved in this discussion are evenly divided as to the final consensus.

Since the sex organs have a close anatomical relationship it would seem that the breasts are most necessary for the complete sexual cycle of the female. At one time in history, breasts were considered only useful for furnishing sustenance to the child. That they were an object of desire was never considered since this had nothing whatever to do with medical investigation.

Only since the lifting of the Victorian rule has

man and science had a chance to fully understand and contemplate the functions of the female breast. Fashion designers find them alluring. Motion picture producers find them photogenic. Advertisers find them billboard gold mines. The woman herself, however, might find them dangerous.

Science has discovered that the female is highly susceptible to tumors later in life. Benign tumors fall into the categories of cysts, fibroids and polyps. Common to the ovaries are the ovarian cyst and other smaller cystic growths. Fortunately no great alarm is necessary since these may be removed without any harmful aftereffects.

It has been posited that the mammary glands give warning if such growths are presently taking place in the body. For this reason the breasts should always be handled with care. Wearing of a brassiere should always be at the discretion of the woman herself. She

should not be influenced by style or custom. Perhaps a support is necessary, then again it might prove to be a detriment to her mammary functions.

The breasts are delicate structures subject to several special disorders. In the past the fear of cancer has always been the predominate spectre on the horizon. There are other more common malfunctions, however, which medical science has recently classified.

In 1890 a condition called chronic cystic mastitis was described in medical journals. In simple terms this is a blockage of the milk ducts which sometimes cause little nodules and lumps to develop. Because they can be painful, the average woman might believe she is being plagued with cancer. Fortunately this is a benign condition and can be cured by simple surgery.

Even with all their bodily functions, the breasts must also be seriously considered as important cosmetically. No portion of the woman's body has such psychological significance.

Now she's known as 'Mammary Lane

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At one time Audrey Watts was termed an unmanageable personality. She was unable to concentrate at any length of time on even the simplest subjects. She was known to run out of a room without any explanation whatever and literally vanish for days at a time. Her condition was diagnosised as Hyperkinesis.

In just a short period of two months all of this havoc has been settled within her mind. No drugs or surgery was necessary, only a simple change of diet.

Since most of our meats and vegetables are tainted with artificial flavors and colors, it would seem plausible enough that these additives could somehow distort our way of life. By placing Audrey on a strict diet of fresh vegetables and fruit, doctors were able to completely adjust her subconscious temperament.

WATTS RIOT

This does not mean that there is no "spirit" left within her personality. If drugs had been used instead of natural foods, then this might be the case. Fortunately she has been able to harmonize her extreme desires to a point where she no longer loses control of herself while under tension. This is an incredible step forward for a woman who only a short time ago was unable to even read a few lines of a daily paper.

Because of the marvelous success in the dietary experiment, Audrey has been called upon to lecture before a symposium of doctors and psychologists. No prepared speeches were made and she was allowed to speak entirely extemporaneously. The questions which were asked demonstrated the intense interest in this new medical approach.

Does our diet truly have this much control over our mental attitude? Since our cells are constantly replenishing themselves, we eventually have to admit that we are what we eat! If we constantly inundated ourselves with small doses of poison then the final result can only be chaotic.

Audrey Watts has since gone on to help others with similar problems as herself. Quite naturally she has a rapport with these individuals who find that any long periods of quiet are most disconcerting. Since she has experienced the same type of depression they were most eager to hear what she had to say. A recording was made of the entire talk and this tape will be distributed to certain hospitals in the near future.

In the meantime, Audrey Watts is no longer a threat to her own existance. She is able to manage her day to day affairs with self-possessed efficiency. There are times when she has that uncontrollable urge to let go, but something deep down inside holds her back. Never again will she be the perverse individual she was before.

It can't be said for sure that a change of diet was the reason for Audrey's incredible recovery. Still the demarcation line between rationality and mental alienation was at that moment of alteration. Her body apparently did respond in a fashion which eventually effected the mind.

Because of Audrey's immense success in adjusting to society via a nutritional route she has been asked to give personal advice concerning diet. She is unable to do this since she does not have the background in the science of nutrition. However, since she has received all this publicity concerning her well being, she has been doing a lot of reading on the subject and has now become somewhat of an expert on the psychology of diet.

"It certainly was an education for me," admits Audrey. "You never think of your body as any kind of a machine, but really that's exactly what it is!"

Audrey's wonderment quickly invades her conversation. She readily tells everyone that the body is largely made up of protein, and only when good food enters the body are the cells able to keep themselves in constant repair.

Life is made easier when there is an adequate intake of protein. That certainly makes sense and yet a lot of people continue to eat the wrong kinds of food. They have to fall in a faint before they

Naturally Audrey is an advocate for the right food at the right time. You don't just stuff yourself every minute of the day. And no matter how much you like chocolate sundaęs you just have to hold back.

"Perhaps I will write a book after all. After all, I have so much knowledge about food now that I feel I could benefit a lot of people." As you can see, Audrey is all heart!

will ever realize that anything is wrong.

Fortunately there are a lot of marvelous mechanisms which help protect the body from infection. Phagocytes are white blood cells which are constantly on guard against bacteria. They instantly mobilize when there is any serious invasion of infection into the body. Again an excellent diet must be maintained before these valuable cells are able to go into action.